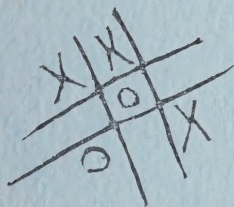
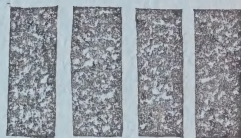


MOUNTAIN ECHOES

CENTRE OF PSYCHOLOGY
LIBRARY



Volume 9

June 1960

Number 10

ADMINISTRATION

C.E. DesRosiers
J. Wickey
A.E. Steele

Warden
Deputy Warden
Chief Keeper

CENSUS

May 10 — June 13

High number	8094
Low number	4739
Received	20
Transferred In	1
Transferred Out	1
Discharged	21
Tickets-Of-Leave	3
Deported	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Population	414

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.

No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

Mountain Echoes

Volume 9

June 1960

No. 10

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CONTENTS

Letters to the Editor	2
Editorial	3
Censorship	reprint 4
Inside Chatter	L-314 6
Dale Carnegie Speech	7
Busted Straights & Flushes	John the "Square" 8
Committee Chit-Chat	Committee 10
Dear Editor	Slipshod Sam 11
It Seems to Me	"Richie" Richardson 12
Lucky Louie	"Rocky" Danton 14
From under Brown's Derby	John the "Square" 16
Lost Love	Cece Allen 18
Reprints	New Era 19
Boxing Banquet	"Richie" Richardson 20
Sports	"Christy" Brown 21
Penal Echoettes	Dave Windsor 24

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

Can it be true? I just received my April-May issue of my favorite magazine, and as usual turned to the contents page to see if Mr. Anthony was a contributor. Happy and contented I then snuggled down to read pages 8 & 9. Still happy, I turned to the beginning of the magazine, only to read the shaking news that we are losing our Mr. "Talent". We are now feeling low—MIGHTY low.

But low as we feel, and much as we'll miss him, every Jane woman of us would like to say, "Thank You Tony." For your wonderful stirring poetry, for your articles that gave so much food for thought, and for your humorous stories that helped us smile through many a dark day. And along with our best wishes for your happiness and success in whatever you do, we can only add, "Go with God."

Another bit of news that brought us to battle stations was, re the blood donors of S.M.P.

Many pints of blood are used here at the San. every month. Most of the patients have received transfusions at one time or another, and we are not only grateful, but would be both pleased and proud to know that you fellows were the donors. All we can say is, if ignorance is bliss, THAT character must be the happiest, and use his head for the sole purpose of keeping his ears apart.

In closing I would like to send a Good Luck and Best of Everything to Mr. Winters, also, congratulations to the new Mr. Editor—all success. We are still as fond of your magazine as ever, only more so, and would like to drop in from time to time to say hello, if we may. 'Til then we'll remember you all in our prayers.

Sincerely Yours
Mrs. Randi Villiers
and the 17 plus.

Dear Mrs. Villiers & the 17 plus,

On behalf of the Echoes Staff, a heart-felt THANKS. We are always looking forward to letters from people outside these walls, and yours is one that brings a glow into our hearts. We will keep on trying to please you with our articles and so on. I hope that Tony, wherever he may be will get a glimpse of this issue and especially this letter. Hope you continue to enjoy our magazine and like the changes that are being made in it. For your support, there are no words that can really express our appreciation except, "God Bless You"

Ed.

Dear Sir,

I believe my subscription is about due for renewal to your magazine so I am enclosing one dollar.

I would like to wish the new Editor all success with the Echoes. Keep up the good work.

Yours Truly
K.W.L. McAuliffe

Dear Sir,

Thanks for your renewal and for your kind wishes.

Ed.

EDITORIAL



When a man is released from the penitentiary, he generally has very little to take with him. A little money, some clothes and whatever other belongings he may possess. This is what he is supposed to start anew with. But the minute he is outside these walls, he obtains something else. Something, that will in many ways deter him. It is the title of an "ex-con."

Just by being an "ex-con" a man can be ruined for the rest of his life. It is likely that he will end up in the penitentiary again. He will have to fight and fight hard if he want's to stay free and lead a normal life. To win he will have to have something to fight with. He must have confidence in himself.

Self-confidence must be built up in him. That must be done while he is serving his sentence. He must be made to believe in himself, otherwise he can't expect others to believe in him. This is a job that the penitentiary administration must undertake. It is one of the most important steps in his rehabilitation. If this can be done, then the man can become an asset rather than a liability to society.

Society has a part to play in this too. They must learn a few things about the "ex-con." They must be taught that once a man has served the sentence that the court has given him, he is entitled to go out and live a normal life. They must be taught that, unless given a chance, it is very likely that he will again be a liability to them. Above all else, they should be taught, that the "ex-con" is also a Human Being.

"CENSORSHIP"

by A.M. (reprint Echoes Oct. 1956)

If an inmate Editor were asked what, in his opinion, constitutes the biggest handicap to publishing a penal magazine the chances are he would undoubtedly mention the lack of writers and the often too heavy hand of the censor board. He would be correct on both counts.

The lack of writers willing to contribute to a magazine and the trouble this causes lies within the realm of editorial headaches and can be, if not cured, at least alleviated by pen, paper and an aspirin. Censorship is a pain of another nature; it hurts all over and the only pill that seems to ease its constant ache is a rosy hued article touting the "all's well in the happy family" sign. That's a bitter pill to swallow. Rigid censorship has been the Achilles heel of the Penal Press since its inception, and the editors of the 250 prison publications in the U. S. and Canada fight a battle of attrition with the blue pencil every day of every month. Here and there a crack is fissured in the wall of official vigilance; these slight victories are of the stuff mature publications are made.

In his study of prison journalism, "Social Aspects of Prison Journalism", W.A. Lunden has this to say about censorship; The best prison Publications are the INMATE type where censorship is less evident. . where the warden understands his men and the men understand the job of the warden, censorship is no problem. When both the warden and the inmates understand that they are both working together in a joint effort neither worries too much about censorship.

A prison magazine is a media of communication that justifies its existence only if it can, with verity, bring to the light of day some of the problems that beset incarcerated society. The day of the prison "cry sheet" is being replaced by a concerted yet independently inspired awareness by convictdom of the broader aspects of the social phenomena that contributed to the creation of prisons and their numbered members.

As the officially sanctioned organ of the inmate body the prison publication speaks for the inmate only if he is allowed to voice his own thoughts and not a watered down version that echoes and compliments the views of officialdom. Until it serves its created purpose the strictly censored publication must be considered only a stop gap affair in a state of marking time until it reaches maturity.

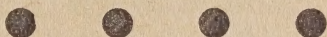
In an article dealing with the subject the Atlantian, an inmate publication of a Georgia, U.S.A. penitentiary speaks thusly: One thing that's always noticeable about prison journalism, just pick up a magazine or paper at random and you can predict with fair certainty the morale of the institution it comes from. If it has freedom of expression and few taboos in subject material: if all opinions and views are tolerated, however fuzzy or wrong the thinking behind them, you can be pretty sure the administration of that prison is confident of its place and is working in harmony with the prisoners it keeps. If the publication shows the heavy hand of the front office, and devotes itself to banality or speaks of prison problems only in vague and timid generalizations you can almost bet that in-

stitution has its fill of bitter men and disturbed officials. All prison writers and some enlightened administrators can attest to the truth of this clear cut summation on the subject of censorship as it applies in our stone walled world.

In the final analysis it must be remembered that ultimately most of the countries prison population will be returned to society. How they react to the problems of day to day living depends partly on the individual and the effort he puts into staying free in a legitimate, worthwhile occupation; partly — and perhaps the biggest part — depends on how society reacts to the knowledge of his recent incarceration and the subsequent acceptance or rejection derived from that knowledge.

A prison publication can and does plant the seed of thought in the minds of many inmates; if left comparatively free from indiscriminate censoring it can also bring to the attention of the general public a fund of information devoted to prison problems; problems not always discussed without tainted and lurid facets in the free press or the other media of communication.

Thus we, as it were, kill two birds with one stone; the prisoner benefits by creative industry and a growing realization of his responsibilities to himself and society; society benefits by discarding preconceived misconceptions of prisons and prisoner and is therefore in position to discover the truism "prisoners are people."



THINKING OF YOU

Each night I pace the floor my love,
With thoughts of only you.

Each day goes by, each night arrives,
And back I drift to you.

These cold steel bars won't let me roam,
They hold me from your arms.

These walls that rise so high and grim,
They keep me from your charms.

But time must pass, the time will come,
When I'll be back with you.

Until that day I'll pace the floor,
With thoughts of only you.

Bob Maltman



INSIDE CHATTER

With the better part of a month of the baseball schedule tucked under their belts, local ball-hawks are beginning to show some indication of having 'found' their 'diamond-legs'. The early season jitters, especially prevalent among the rookies at the start of the season, is no longer evident; and the 'old pros', who form the nucleus of the various teams in the league, are back in the proverbial groove again.

Weather permitting, and the old pop-corn concession holding out—it should be a great season.

The yard, these days, is a congestion of bare legs and naked torsos'. And for the benefit of those who are fortunate enough to have never seen a Stony Mountain Con with 'makeshift shorts' on—just picture Khrushchev in a 'bikini'—and you'll have a rough idea of what these tired old eyes have to contend with. (Small wonder the sun don't shine!)

INSIDE GLIMPSES: Ray (that clerkin' man) Bonney, directing traffic—ala flat-foot—from his perch on Soup-bone Boulevard. And with tickets yet!...

Dave (the Knave) Windsor, displaying an American Penal Mag. with his name splattered all over it. Says Dave with cryptic modesty, "Tis a tribute to my journalistic endeavors!" (Believes it too!) Understand a local lad has a penchant for toe-nail painting!? Can't divulge names but my informants, couple of guys called Al 'n Lilly swear it's the straight goods... And on the subject of painting, some of the Paint Shop crew might do well to visit the Eye Doctor next trip out.

While painting the Echoes office the other A.M., seems a couple of them had a post halfway painted before they realized IT had 'glasses' on. (C'mon guys, Hutch ain't a fixture just yet!)

Willie (the Big Chief) Benning unveiling a Louis-like left jab in his much heralded bout with Bob (Slugger) Maltman... Johnny George, (the Keewatin Kid) catching up on the latest scandal 'round home via brother-Alec. Next time, try shootin' John a kite Alec! Less painful...

And Moonbeam McSwines male counterpart, Allen Epp, is all smiles these days. Seems his pet sow just unloaded a spankin' new litter o' youngun's and Al's blissfully dreamin' up suitable names for each future little pork chop.

No Sir! Never a boaring moment in the Piggery.. If you should run across a "plunger" in your travels that gives every indication of being AIR-BORNE—don't panic! Chances are Hughy Long is somewhere under it.. Judging from the protrudin' tummy of Frankie Zimmer's feline pet, I'd say a bit o' TOM-foolery has been goin' on. O.K. Zimy,

how'd that amorous Tom sneak in? To all aspiring athletes who may be eyeing that coveted Athlete of the Day award come July 1st. Forget it! (the Silhouette, Tony Sawchuk's competing this year!)

Local Brandonite, Richie (the-last-bit) Richardson displaying A-league talent in a B-league uniform. The words out however (via Spike Watcher) that Richie developed his unique talent for beltin' those "long ones" in a secluded section of the Brandon House. (Wait..turrr!)

Overheard Cece (See here) Allen and Lefty (Nature-boy) Newberry arguing over the physical attributes of a certain movie starlet. (Just for the record fellows—Marjorie Maine happens to be a brunette!) And dig this Jack (Ex Echoes man) Chisholm, a Commish yet! Just shows to go ya—once a wheel, always a wheel!

See where local sunbathers are making use of THE BEACH again, absorbing a

Continued inside back cover

DALE CARNEGIE GRADUATE WINS PREPARED SPEECH TITLE WITH THIS TEXT

I feel certain that most of you will agree with me when I say that 99 people out of a 100, if they saw a dog that had been beaten, abused and mistreated would have compassion on that animal and would gladly offer it a home and care for it. The majority of people could understand if one minute that dog would cringe and wag its tail, the next minute would snarl and snap at the hand outstretched to give it a pat. These actions would follow as a result of the treatment it received.

But have you ever seen little children whose bruised bodies had been healed but whose minds were still scared by memories of sadistic treatment and rejection, by women who bore them and by men who sired them. In the majority of cases these little children are much less fortunate than a dog to find someone who will want to offer them a home, train them and give them a little affection.

I have a married sister, living in Saskatchewan whom I last visited in 1949. At that time she had taken in eight of these unfortunate, rejected little children. They had been placed in her care by the Children's Aid Society while the Society endeavored to find foster homes for them. These little children, like a dog, would cringe and draw away from the outstretched hand that meant to pat or cuddle them, as it seemed that they could only associate the adult hand with a blow, meant to be delivered at them. Their little eyes did not light up with love like other children because it was evident that they were not aware of the effects of being loved.

I say, without fear of contradiction, that at least 50% of our inmate population in the penal institutions all across Canada today, are products of somewhat similar circumstances. People who have craved, in vain, for recognition and security, who have been abused and rejected by parents and society as a whole. Human nature, being what it is, they have animated coldness and anger, striking back at society in the only way they know as a form of protest. With the result that society is extracting vengeance for wrongs which they themselves have perpetrated by creating the conditions that caused them.

If our governments and those who are acting in the name of society would concentrate their efforts on finding the causes of crime, and remove those causes, in place of vengefully extracting every ounce of that pound of flesh which is camouflaged and justified that they are being, so-called, rehabilitated. Then, they would not only be taking a major step forward in reducing the crime rate but they would also be practicing Christian principles and the teachings of Jesus Christ who said; "Vengeance is mine, I will repay. Resist not evil with evil, but do good unto your fellow men."

In the majority of cases the evil of this vengeance is greater by far than the evils of the wrongs by the culprit against society. This vengeance has been traditionally handed down and practiced by the British Empire for over four hundred years and has served no useful purpose. Is it not time then that a supposed enlightened society begin to consider facts and pay heed to the greatest philosopher who also said: "Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these my bretheren, ye have done it unto me."

BUSTED STRAIGHTS & FLUSHES

John the "Square"

There are two things that can make a thief go straight. Consequence, about which everyone knows; and coincidence, which is not as well known. The three reformed thieves in the following story were rehabilitated and/or reformed by incidents which to them were anything but amusing, but to me they were hilarious.

The first tale concerns a pair of very able burglars, whose motto was "if the Dwelling be unattended, the invitation is obvious". After many successful burglaries of homes, they had their first taste of adversity in the form of a vicious Doberman Pintzer who was left the run of the main floor and upper part of the house, by his owners, while they were away for the weekend. By reason of successive turns it was Benny's turn to make the entry which he quickly did by forcing a cellar window. He softly climbed the cellar stairs to the door, which opened into the kitchen, and it was his intention to quickly cross the kitchen and open the back door of the house and admit his accomplice. However, when he opened the cellar door 93 pounds of snarling fury landed smack on his chest, knocking him backwards, and causing him, through lack of balance, to fall down the stairs to the basement floor. He did not feel the shock of his fall, but he did feel the murderous teeth of the indignant Doberman, and his partner running around the side of the house to investigate the fearful shrieks, and the savage snarling, sized up the situation in a split second and quite hastily departed.

Benny meanwhile, despite his fear, had the presence of mind to hold the dog, whose intentions were plainly to maim or kill, away from his throat, and wrestle him. He finally broke away from the dog, and on his third attempt to escape through the open basement window, he succeeded, although paying dearly for his attempts at evasion, for although he managed to get his head and shoulders out of the window, the dog was able to have an unobstructed banquet on the bottom of Benny's anatomy which remained inside the basement.

He painfully dragged his lacerated carcass away from the window and was about to pass into merciful unconsciousness, when the unrelenting dog burst through the window and inspired him to greater efforts yet. He was able to run perhaps a half a block when he dropped unconscious. After mangling him further the dog was beaten off. The police, humane society, and an ambulance were called for in that order. Seventy-one days later, Benny was released from the hospital and taken to the magistrates court and charged with breaking and entering, and after the facts were presented, and when the magistrate could restore order in the courtroom, he sympathetically sentenced Benny to three months in jail.

When his sentence expired he once again joined forces with Frank, but there was one change in their operation. Frank was to enter every chosen prospective residence first, and if there were no booby traps such as cannabalistic canines at large within, then and only then, would Benny agree to enter.

It wasn't long before they located a house with an accumulation of newspapers and bottles of sour milk on the veranda and that night Frank entered the darkened house. After a noisy search he opened the back door for Benny. Benny cautiously entered the house and after reassurance from Frank walked into the pitch black living room to look for a possible wall safe, while Frank proceeded to search the bedrooms. Frank was halfway up the stairs when a blood curdling scream ended the silence. He ran to the living room door and in the vagueness he could make out Benny thrashing around on the floor hollering and screaming at the top of his voice. Unable to see what it was that had Benny, and having an acute fear of the unknown, he once again abandoned his buddy in his moment of peril.

This is what occurred. As soon as Benny entered the living room, a pet monkey hopped from its stand and clamped its furry little body around Benny's head. Benny went straight up into the air, thinking all the devils in the world had him by the throat, when in reality it was only the tail of the monk around his throat. Because by now the very frightened monk was trying to hold onto the plunging gyrating Benny. When his contortions almost reached the end of the monkey's chain, the monkey hopped off the frantic Benny's neck and retreated for the sanctity of some displaced furniture. Benny partially managed to recover his wits and in less time than it takes to tell, put acres of real estate between himself and the unknown furry monster. Needless to say, Benny went out the very next day and purchased a balony can and Frank followed suit. That was nearly five years ago, and the last I heard they are still working. Their motto now is, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Our second subject was a highly proficient "heel man", that is to say a thief whose specialty is robbing people in their hotel rooms while they sleep. At the time of the incident which decided reformation, he was "working" a very large hotel and finding an unlocked room on the eighth floor, stuck his head in the door and went through the customary routine of "Joe! Joe, are you asleep?" which was answered by lusty snores. Satisfied that his victim was in the land of nod, he entered the room and quickly shut the door behind himself. He waited to adjust his eyes to the dark, and when he could see, flitted his eyes about the room in search of the victims pants. He soon located them hanging on the back of a chair on the opposite side of the bed. He pocketed a ring and a set of cuff links which had lain on the dresser. He reached the pants and was going through the pockets when the room was suddenly flooded with light. He had committed the gross error of putting the room's occupant between the door and himself. The sucker had woke up and became aware of his presence and now he was trapped. Out the window was eight floors of air, escape by that means was right out of reason, and blocking the entire door was the sucker, and he was a veritable giant who somehow was a familiar figure to the trapped "heel man".

Suddenly it came to him, "say ain't you Rocky Mountain, the wrestler?", he asked. "That I am," was the reply from the wrestler who advanced rolling up his pajama sleeves ominously. Before the wrestler reached him, he apologized, returned all the wrestlers property, begged, offered the wrestler all the money on him, and even shed a few tears, all to no avail. The wrestler reached out and grabbed him, and used every single hold and throw he knew on him. He fairly

Continued inside back cover

Committee Chit-Chat

Ray Merasty

Ed Hashka

Ivan Brown

After an interval of "show-itis", resulting chiefly, because of the adverse weather conditions - - the Stony Mountain baseball schedule is at last underway.

As always, the customary jockeying by managers to corral selective players for their rosters was again rampant. The end result, however, seems to indicate a reasonably balanced league; with the 'better' players well distributed among the various teams.

The duties of baseball Commissioner for the 1960 season, rests squarely upon the capable shoulders of Jack Chisholm. A guy who deserves a great deal of merit for relinquishing his own leisure moments to take over the helm of, at best, a thankless position.

It is no easy task to govern a league such as ours. Particularly the A league which is notoriously cliché-prone. And there are myriad reasons which make the job of baseball Commissioner, anything but palatable, for qualified nominees. Therefore, it will be your job - - the participants of the game - - to give Jack the full support and cooperation due his office.

The complete selection of league officials are as follows: Commissioner, Jack Chisholm, Assistant Commissioner, Pete Votel, Head Umpire, Don Moore.

Last month a class in rug making was held and under the direction of Mr. Wagner, inmates were given a preliminary course in the intricacies of this art.

Inmates present agreed unanimously that the hobby was simple and would in time become as popular to the men in the institution as the present Copper work and Petit Point.

Those interested in obtaining further information on this inexpensive hobby are requested to see the Committee or Hobby Officer, Mr. Howard.

Mr. Hancock, our Sports Supervisor, informed the Committee that the tennis courts will be given a much needed "hard-top" treatment this year. A definite date for this job has not been established yet, but the understanding is - - it will be done this Summer.

The necessity of obtaining a "Stage" was also under fire and Mr. Hancock assured us - - this too would be constructed this Summer. Though, once again, a definite date was - - so to speak - - rather vague.

Several complaints have been voiced regarding the lack of space in the Hobby-Room. As a result of this, the Committee has ordered lumber for the purpose of constructing new shelves. Admittedly, shelves alone are not the answer to the problem. But until other arrangements can be devised, it is hoped that the addition of these shelves will alleviate, somewhat, the cramped conditions which presently exist in the Hobby-Room.



DEAR EDITOR;



Dear Editor;

I'm standin' in the dome the other day watchin' them there drips comin' in through the holy roof. On the same day I gets an Official Receipt sayin' I received one dollar from my good friend "Camper". An' you know what? Them there drips an' thet receipt brings back old memories thet gets me feelin' pretty darn lonesome. Maybe I better explain. Okay? Okay.

One year ago (I'll never forget the day) I got out of the Headingly jail. Being a cowboy from the west I didn't know any tenderfeet hereabouts. Top of thet, I didn't know Portage Avenue from Main Street an' I had only one dollar in my jeans. Anyhow, I gets off the Green-Hornet bus at the Vawn Street jail an' starts off with my valice an' saddle under my arm when, oh justice! this car with a hole family in it stops me. An' you know what? Jest because I was tellin' one of thet there family ("Camper") in thet Headingly Haven 'bout a year earlier thet crime really doesn't pay, thet there family wants to help me out. They want me to go an' live with them! How do you like thet, Eh? Anyhow after I buy a pack of weed, a peanut butter sandwich an' coffee thet dollar looks real sick, so I ups an' goes with them.

Right off, I see thet they ain't got nothin' in material things, like my real foks has. But thet ain't nothin' 'cause my own well-off parents, thet chased me off the ranch fer gettin' drunk when I was jest fifteen, can't toot no Cadillac horn at these foks when it comes to good hearts an' God fearin' good people. An' thet would be one gawsh awful real darn thing to say if it weren't true. Right? You darn right, thet's right!

Like I been sayin', they ain't got much. The ol' man, "Dad", was sick for many years an' jest last fall he went to Heaven. The little house I was livin' in right next to theirs had a holy roof jest like the Dome here an' we had to shift the bed away from the drips jest like this here guard (his name ain't White) keeps shiftin' the pails 'round this here Dome. Now, Oh justice! Where am I? Oh yes. Let me tell you somethin' Mr. Editor. Okay? Okay.

Thet there "Camper" ain't no dummy. He writes me a letter an' puts one dollar in it. Jest in case I don't get the letter, which I didn't, the dollar receipt comes in an' says: "Hello Slipshod, everythings okay in Winnipeg 8, an' we still think you're okay even though you went and pulled them stupid crimes. Comes Easter time, too, an' I gits one awful pretty Easter Card. How do you like thet?

Now, you know what, Mr. Editor? I'd sure really like to write to "Mom", (I like to call her that), "Tidy" an' "Camper" an' all the rest an' tell them jest how much I love them an' appreshiate what they done fer me, but I can't 'cause I ain't allowed to write them. Anyhow, them there drips comin' in through the holy roof an' this here receipe an' Easter Card proves one thing pardner, an' thet one thing is this:

All these years I'm servin' jest ain't long enough, Nor hard enough the prison bars I see, An' the walls around me jest ain't strong enough, To part my friends an' me! Now, an' oh justice! before I forget - Turn down thet darn record player "Camper"! Okay? Okay. Bye, bye for now an' God bless you all.

Yours truly,

Slipshod Sam



"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

...that the Bill for the Abolishment of Capitol Punishment is doomed to defeat, perhaps we should crusade for Public Executions. It appears that the Government feels the Law should be feared, rather than respected. What better way to instill fear than to allow the public (you) to witness the demise of a convicted one at the end of a rope

...that one of our Compositors has been having a hard time lately. All Summer and Fall we heard of the great Flin Flon Bombers, then the bubble burst, it was then Fort William, Edmonton, Brandon, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal. In fact, I don't think poor Hutch is quite sure where his home town is now.

...that the yak of the month to me was the instance where: in the Georgia Legislative, EVERYONE (including pageboys i.e. 4-year old Michael Gaultney) were obligated to take an oath that they (he) were opposed to Communism. Can you picture that, a four year old child, neither able to read or write swearing he is not, 'was not, nor ever will be a Communist. Krushy must be thlipin' — he mithed me!

...that I, for one, can't conceive that a man, any man as incorrigible! The Ten Commandments were laid down by God. Christ himself, forgave the thief who was crucified beside him. Now, man with his laws, brand others of his breed with that label and punishes with the Habitual Criminal Act.

...that our budding Rocket Expert, Rapid Robert Maltman, is really on a guided missile kick. Heard a rumor that he has ordered a Do-it-Yourself Atom Bomb kit. Do you suppose that our young freind is no longer happy here? Oh well! I don't suppose that Werner Von Braun has to worry about his job just yet.

...that a certain party, that had a wee bit of luck with the L.A. Dodgers last year said—and I quote—"Watch the Detroit Red Wings in the Stanley Cup this year as they will be the team to beat!" Well, I have been watching them, and they seem to have faded plumb out of sight. Oh well! maybe L.A. can repeat this year but I doubt it very much.

...that my old buddy and defence-mate, Doug (the Thud) Derocher is away into the wild blue world of Freedom. It is going to be lonesome out there by myself next season, but then again MAYBE. On the square, lots of luck Doug, hope I never have to put up with your insulting remarks in here again, as it is very plain too see that you out-weigh me by at least FIFTY pounds.

...that the U.S. of A. and the State of California have finally accomplished the impossible. They've made Chessman serve, what is considered a life sentence then executed him—for a crime, presently non-existent in California Law Books.

...that "Harry the Horse" is really living that old cliché, "He who laughs last, laughs longest." How about it Ted R. "Who's Sorry Now." Also see that Jimmy, the Barber, got his sub. to the Diamond from our old buddy, Andy P. Tanks, pal.

... "I do not believe in the death penalty, because its inequality is apparent.... You have yet to find anyone executed who was wealthy." Clinton Duffy, former Warden of San Quentin Prison.

...that our out-side fight fans missed seeing our former Welter-King, Moe Phillion, in action on the Easter card. From the many visitors enquiring as to Moe's absense on this card, it was plain to see that he had built up quite a following from some of the great bouts he has taken part of in the past. Moe's special brand of action was missed by both visitors and inmates, as this ex-champ didn't know the meaning of retreat.

...that at certain times I get the eeriest feeling I'm being watched.

...that the easiest way to distinguish one of our Dorm residents from a lowly cell man is by their protruding eye-balls. These fellows are real T.V. fans. Many of them, I understand, do not even bother to come to the movies on the week-ends.

...that with night exercise going strong, the Committee is digging into the bottom of the old poke to pay for some of these shows we are getting on rainy nights. Now fellows, if we wouldn't just beef and dig down to pay for the odd one out of our own pockets, we'll have a bit of scratch left for next winter.

...that after some of the comments I have heard on the discharge suits currently being made in a Western Pen for us'uns here at old Stony Lonesome, I am given to understand that the Tailors of Westminster are out to ruin us. From some of the reports from the short-timers, a self respecting horse wouldn't be caught dead in them. How about it chaps. lets remember that we all wear numbers

...that this business of segregation is a bit on the ridiculous side, to say he least. We are, apparently, prejudiced against the Negro simply because his skin is darker than ours. Yet, we spend thousands of dollars each year to vacation in Florida, and such sunny spots—lying on the beach trying to darken our skin. You figure it out, I can't.

...that by the time this issue hits the street, one of the better-liked guy's in the institution will be on the bricks. Everyone was glad to hear that Raoul Provost received a 20-month Ticket of Leave after serving 11 years and 3 months of his sentence. Raoul was elected three times to the Inmate Welfare Committee and his contributions, both advisory and financial, were one of the main reasons our sports program is the success it is. Best of luck in the future, Raoul, from your friends here at old Stony.

...that's it for this month. See you next month, if Kruschev sees fit. Bye B.



- Lucky Louie -

"Rocky" Danton

They call him Lucky Louie tho' it's hard to figure...*why?*

He's always in a jam of sorts—a hard-luck kinda' guy.
A short and scrawny little cuss, who always wears a grin;
In spite of all the jack-pots he's for-ever mixed up in.

To cite a good example of, the kinda' luck he's had,
I'll spill the little secret of, *just how* they caught the lad;
A tale that urges laughter...yet, it's really tragic too:
But Harken! And I'll give you all, the dope on Lucky Lou.

One day in late September 'bout a year or so ago,
Seems Louie got some info' on—a *safe* that bulged with dough;
A puny, little *Taylor* job, that seemed so opportune;
And forthwith, Lou decided...but...Alas!...it spelled his ruin.

Yet, Lou was far from stupid, and for days he cased the *score*;
He checked the plate-glass windows, and the lock upon the door.
He even sketched a draft of it—a sort of master plan;
And pondered ways of taking that enticing little *can*.

So, dark one Friday evening, when he felt his plan complete,
He slowly sauntered, casual-like, along a dim-lit street;
A leather brief-case 'neath his arm, and at a casual glance—
You'd swear, that little rooster was ... some *gink* of high finance.

As you've no doubt suspected tho'—the brief-case occupied;
Assorted tools of burglary, and gloves of chamois hide;
It also hid a rubber mask of gray and greenish hue,
That well might hide the features of, wee, gnome-like, Lucky Lou...

At last his destination loomed, a block or so ahead;
And moments later—unobserved—in back of it, Lou sped.
He paused within the shadowed lane, and quickly donned his mask;
Then pocketing the tools he'd need—set out upon his task.

He left the brief-case hidden, and towards the score, he stole;
A wraith-like, silent, shadow ... 'til he reached at last ... his goal.
In quick and rapid fashion then—Lou jimmied wide the door;
And seconds later ... had the watchman, tied-up, on the floor.

In lightning-like, manoeuvres then—the *crib*, he took in hand;
And breathless minutes later, Lou was richer ... by ten grand.
Elated? True! Yet cautious-like, his eyes surveyed the floor;
Then, satisfied he'd left no clues, he sauntered out the door...

Abruptly Louie vanished—back into the shadowed lane;
And moments dwindled, slowly by, e're he appeared again.
Then quiet and unobtrusively, all dapper-like as planned,
He stepped out on the street once more, the brief-case clutched in hand.

Lou squared his shoulders proudly, and his step was brisk and light—
As down the street in triumph, he paraded out of sight;
A brief-case jammed with money—and the evening just begun,
And drowned in that elation, when you feel a job's well done ...

They call him Lucky Louie tho' it's hard to figure ... why?
He's always in a jam of sorts—a hard-luck kinda' guy.
The score drew him a STONY bit—“How was he caught?” you ask!
A cop, it seems, met Louie ... *still wearing his rubber mask!*





FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY!

John the Square

Read the Feb. 1960 issue of the Ebony Magazine which is a library issued magazine. At the back of the magazine, one of the "good guys" in here wrote;

"Six advertisements for skin whiteners:"

"Fourteen advertisements for hair straighteners:"

"How can these people ever hope for integration when they are ashamed of themselves?"

Well one of "These" people is going to dignify your unsigned question with an answer. I have been everywhere that God's got ground that I've wanted to go, and I have never met or heard of any Colored person who was ashamed because he was Colored. Sorry? Sometimes; but ashamed? Never. To quote Popeye, "I yam what I yam and that's what I yam." Do you think that if there were such a product available, there would be any need to hope for integration?

Now that we have disposed of "skin whiteners", let's discuss "Hair straighteners". The "Toni Co." has become a large concern by realizing that people who have straight hair, want curly hair, and as cheaply as possible. So if by some means I managed to straighten my curly hair, I might look better, but I'd still be the same Christy Brown to you.

Incidentally, your count was out. I, knowing the difference between Posner products and Brylcreme, counted only three ads concerning hair straighteners and five dealing with "skin whiteners". However there were a good dozen Vitamins and whiskey ads. It's a wonder to me that you didn't assume that we Negroes are a race of pill swallowing drunkards.

It's a "gas" how loud the hacks rattle their hooks 'n stomp down the tiers. But "dig"! Just have something to send a few drums down, 'n before you can say "I'll Appeal", he's past your drum like a three minute miler at the finish line, 'n as quiet as a heartbeat.

1960's still a new "stanza", 'n we've got a new Dormitory, (Like with T. V. yet!) 'n we've got a new ball season coming up, 'n a brand new committee, 'n now if we only had some new card tables....

K.P.'s crystal ball cats were like half right. "Sawbuck Lou", said in his "Pre-dickshuns", that them cats from the Forum would cop the silverware. But that other "kitty", Bobby Cox, said, 'way back in '59, that "Rock 'n Roll was on the

way out." Like man, how do you sound? That cat from "down behind the sun" is back; 'n between him, 'n that one named "kitty", it's gonna be a bad scene radio-wise. Okay, Richard is gone, but what do we do now? Them Fender bases ain't missing a beat!

There's even poor cats in jail. Now if we copped a grade three the day we made the scene, 'n to keep it all we had to do was be cool, 'n keep our heads down, like that would be a nervous ginchy scene.

Didja ever notice where you see the cats who complain that "The Flats have Siberian winters, 'n Hades like summers?" Right here in the flats.

It's true you know. Nobody wails louder than a thief when he's been beat. The lice have started to come out of their beds, 'n one Mountaineer had "twenty-six" bales copped out of his drum by one of these finks. So please be advised 'n lock your weed up.

I don't dig this mess about convicts being sick. Who me? Like no man, I just needed the bread.

Pick up on this: 400 cats digging the flick. One little sparrow in a panic making it around the room. Out of 400 cats in there, guess who was under him when he.... Oh well. You get the idea. 'N the next kitty who sounds me about it being lucky.....

The son of well-to-do Parents had goofed 'n left home. Things had gone real bad 'n the cat was padding in a flophouse without a kopek in his kick. So he decided to write home 'n beg forgiveness. So he got a pencil 'n wrote "Dear Dad, I realize my errors, and I would like another. . . He laid his pencil down and went off to mooch a cigarette. He stomped up to a sharp kitty who was cooling it on the corner, 'n put the bum on him for a butt. The sharp kitty dug the poor raggedy cat, 'n decided that he needed a lift, laid a stick of pot on him. The raggedy cat lit up, 'n went back to the floparoo to finish the kite. He took a few deep drags, picked up the pencil, 'n wrote "And Dear Dad, if you need anything, just let me know."

Don't think I should cop out on this kitty, but I got to do it. We got a kitty in here who actually cries during the emotional scenes of shown movies. He left the recently shown "Five Pennies" completely dehydrated. The only man who can claim this distinction is our own Doug D.

Added thanks to the many nice folks who spend considerable time and money, to come into these "joints" to entertain 'n compete for us 'n with us.

Got to split for now, but I'll be around this "nervous scene" next month: So "Later"

Lost

Love

Cece Allen

They say I am an evil man,
Tho I've prayed to GOD above.
To forgive me for my evil deed,
I shot my only love.

There is no blood upon my hands,
Only hatred in my mind,
As I spend my years in a prison cell
Put there by my own kind.

She was sweet, tender and loving,
And gave me the joys of life.
Only in her absence
Did I realize trouble and strife.

My love and I became as one,
She leaned heavenly on my arm.
I never realized my Lady Love,
Intended to do me harm.

My one and only love was false.
She was very sneaky and sly,
I found her undependable
And for this she had to die.

Tho I still languish in Prison,
Paying for what I had been.
The one I loved and shot,
Was known as "Miss Morphine."

REPRINTS VIA - NEW ERA

At a North Carolina Prison, some bloodhounds escaped by digging under a prison fence. Then, of all things, a group of prisoners were sent out to run them down!

(From the Atlanta Key)

"People have a way of becoming what you encourage them to be. . . not what you nag them to be."

(The New Day)

Ohio State Reformatory

One answer to crowded prisons is to build more of them, but this is expensive. The \$9,875,000 maximum security facility the Federal Government is to construct near Marion, Illinois, will house 600 inmates at a capital cost of some \$16,000 per inmate. It will cost another \$1,394 a year each to care for them. In marked contrast it costs only about \$150 a year to supervise a man on parole.

(Marquette Weekly Progress)

"Confinement to jail or any kind of detention is harmful and actually operates against rehabilitation of criminals," states Dr. Narcel Frym, director of criminological research, Hacker Foundation for Psychiatric Research, Beverly Hills, California.

(The Messenger)

1959-60

South Dakota State Pen.

"Society should make the first attempt at straightening out the offender, and not depend on the prison that can, and frequently does, have its adverse effects."

(Louisiana State Pen.)

The Angolite

January 16, 1960

BOXING BANQUET

Richie

Saturday, April 23, saw the boxers, trainers, Recreational Supervisor Hancock, Acting Warden Wickey, and assorted guests gather in the Officer's Mess for a steak dinner. During the course of the afternoon, thanks was given by the various officials of the Easter fight card.

The promoter of the last fight card, Vince Marresse, was the initial speaker of the afternoon. Vince thanked the Welfare Committee for relinquishing their "reservations" so that others could attend. He also offered his personal thanks to all who helped make the card such a huge success and to the staff of the Officer's Mess, for preparing the dinner. He then called upon Rec. Supervisor, W. J. Hancock to say a few words.

Mr. Hancock congratulated all those responsible for the card and remarked, "one of the best I've seen here." He voiced his appreciation to "Birdy" Bard and his opponent Gerry Detonnancourt (Fighter of the Day) for the fine exhibition of boxing they put on during the Middleweight Championship fight. Mr. Hancock then introduced Acting-Warden Wickey.

Once again the Committee's absence was noted as Mr. Wickey congratulated them on their unselfishness by missing the banquet. He said that many of the visitors were surprised at the behaviour of the inmates. "Apparently from watching too much T.V., the visitors were expecting something entirely different," Mr. Wickey said. He congratulated all the winners of the various matches and used an old cliché to help the losers over their defeat. "It is not to win or lose but to take part that counts." Mr. Wickey then pointed out the courage and durability Jimmy Munroe showed, by fighting the last two rounds of his fight with a broken right hand. Despite this handicap, Jimmy and Bobby McKenny were chosen as the participants of the "fight of the day". In reviewing this fight, Mr. Wickey noted, rather jokingly, that he had probably lost more sleep over the injury than Jimmy had. Giving the audience an insight into his past life and experiences, Mr. Wickey related his unfortunate(?) experience of paying to see the late, great Georges Carpentier do battle. Apparently, at this time Monsieur Carpentier was in his prime and chilled his opponents in very quick fashion.

The next man to show his gratitude to the fighters was the matchmaker-trainer, Ken Bevan. Ken informed us that if two men didn't want to fight, no one could make them for a decent contest. He went on to say, although this was a very successful card, it only gave everyone concerned a greater goal to shoot for in the next card which is currently being planned for Labor Day.

The final speaker of the banquet was Stony Mountain's boss of boxing, Commissioner Billy Lavery. Billy spoke of his many years experience in connection with Institutional boxing and informed us that he had never seen novice fighters showing so much promise and fighter "know-how". He thanked all the "behind the scenes" men, saying that their part may have been small but it all helped to make this the success it was. Mr. Littlewood had told Billy previously, "in all my years promoting sports, I have never seen a card that was so well balanced. Not one dull fight!"

Continued inside back cover

Digging the Sports

At this writing, mid-way through May, one thing is certain, the only ones playing any ball are the guys who were active during the ten month long winter period in hockey, boxing or basketball. The other guys are just playing at it.

The Big House ball season opened dustily, but not too many games fell casualty to adverse weather. Speaking of casualties, Rocky Danton, Carl the photographer, Clyde Berryman and myself came out of retirement to play a little ball, but after one game, quickly retired again. For it's far better to be inactive than laughed at. All kidding aside, the men just mentioned were probably the sorriest ball players ever seen here.

Over in "B" league, the schedule had hardly begun when a game was protested. Ball games are a serious matter to "B" leaguers, so umpires please be advised, an unfair call could earn you your shirt and pants shrunk in the change room.

Since the deadline, a new league has been organized. This is the "C" league, which consists of all the left handers, that is those with two left hands, and the butter-fingered ones, the all thumbs fellows and those that suddenly play soccer with every baseball hit their way. They have been allotted Sunday A, M.s and number 1 diamond. Needless to say, these games are a scream, and with their basketball like scores, really are a comedy of errors. So if you want a few laughs on a dull Sunday morning, just drop around to number 1 diamond and watch Dave Keachie juggle the ball, to say nothing of Maltman, who walked 17 men, which is probably a record anywhere. Why wasn't he pulled you ask? He's the manager of his aggregation.

The whole scene is being supervised by Jack Chisholm (Commissioner) and his Assistant Commissioner, Pete Votel. In charge of the umpires is the capable, Don Moore. In the scorekeeping department we have, Dave (Brubeck) Windsor, Robbie Roberts and Thingstad.

It is too soon to state averages, however, I hope to have them in print next month.

So far, there have been three league games played in each of the leagues. Here are the games and the scores.

A LEAGUE

May 17/60	Pirates 10	vs	Yankees 0
May 20/60	Yankees 8	vs	Huskies 6
May 24/60	Pirates 19	vs	Huskies 9

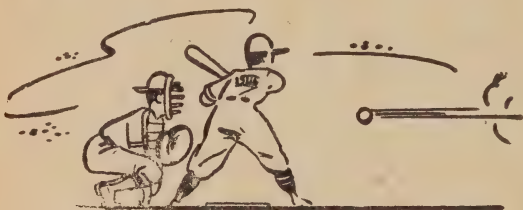
B LEAGUE

May 17/60	Orioles 7	vs	Wasps 8
May 20/60	Beatniks 6	vs	Sputniks 6
May 24/60	Sputniks 15	vs	Orioles 9

Something we would like to see is a Cops and Robbers game. So how about it Norm Stewart? You got nine or ten guys that can play baseball? We'd be very happy to get even.

Looking at the visitors section, which is reserved, looks kind of light. An awful lot of seats go to waste. If some of you people enjoy watching baseball at its finest, why not take a trip out here some Sunday afternoon. We'd enjoy being your host and tell the fellow wearing what looks to you like an Army uniform, at the gate, tell him that J. B. sent you.

Getting back to the inside, there appears to be a crisis within the ranks of the umpires. In fact you never know who's umpiring from one day to the next. Let's face it: umpires are necessary if there's to be any competitive ball playing in here. If the players would lighten up on the umpires who make the odd mistake, and the umps in turn would try and develop a skin a bit more thicker than the thin skin which they seemingly have, we could have a real "Ginchy" ball season. Let's make the scene together, 'cause like if we burn ourselves, where we gonna end up? You dig?



All-Stars

Giants Win Opener

Carlings vs Giants

On Sunday 22nd of May, the Penman were hosts to the Carlings Brewery team, who, incidentally came minus samples of their worthy product. The Carlings team used two pitchers, Chill and Neal. Chill who worked three innings and gave up six hits and a cap and was replaced by Neal who coasted out the remaining six frames by use a lightning like ball, allowing the Giants only six hits.

For the Giants, Pack Sack went the distance, allowing the Beer manufacturers only three hits.

It was interesting to learn that the Carlings first sacker was Lorne Benson, a former Blue Bomber and co-holder of the W.I.F.U. record of scoring six T.D.s in one game.

Two sensational defensive plays by the Penman merit mentioning. In the top of the third inning, Huppie, playing a deep right feild, was driven deeper into the field by a well tagged ball that had all earmarks of a sack clearing slug, which with two aboard, would have been sort of dishearting to the Penman. But Huppe, with the sun nearly blinding him, stuck up one hand and reeled her in, his slingshot throw into second base held the Beermen to no gain against the play. The second spectacular play came in the top of the eighth inning. It starred dependable Armand Proulx in left field, who was backed up to the cell block for this one, and with hardly a foot to spare, pulled it in, robbing Lorne Benson

and the Beermen of a cinch triple. Errors in the game were two apiece, and strange enough ten walks were given up, five by either side.

Giants Blow Double-header

Kiewels vs Giants

Monday, 23rd of May, the Penmen played host to the Kiewels Brewery in a double header and the Penman lost both games.

Preceding the games, Mr. Ed Bailly, President of the Winnipeg Senior Men's Softball Association, was introduced and addressed those assembled. He started things rolling by tossing in the first ball to Mr. Hancock, our Recreational Supervisor, who managed to get the bat in the way of the third ball lobbed his way

The visitors got off to an early lead by grabbing four runs in the first inning and never looking back. They added another run in the second, one more in the sixth, and their final one in the seventh, making seven all told.

The Penman got their first run in the fourth and their second and last in the seventh.

In the second game of the afternoon, the Giants copped a four to nothing lead in the fourth inning. But the Beermen really came on in the fifth and washed the Giants away by grabbing seven runs. The stunned Penman stubbornly fought back, but in the limited time remaining were unable to rally. This game was a six inning game due to the fact that we prisoners are put to bed at four. So the Kiewels Brewery took the second game despite Popowich's homer and the Stengal like switching of players by Manager Horbas, but left one cap. Final score: K-men 7, Giants 4. Umpires for this game were Jack Chisholm, Pete Votel & myself.

Giants Drop League Opener

Kiewels vs Giants

May 29th saw the Stony Mountain Giants and Kiewels Brewery clash for the third time this year. It was the first league game and Manager C. Gagnon's Kiewels boys came out on top for their third consecutive win over the Penman. The Giants had to play a catch-up game. From the start right until the last pitch it was a highly volatile ball game. Here is a summery of the scoring.

First inning: Kiewels took command with a one to nothing lead. Corby, the first batter got on base on an error, he reached second on a passed ball, then stole third and scored on another Giant error.

Second inning: The Giants tied the game up when Mike Baluk, their catcher, hit a double. He was followed by Larry who belted a double to send him home.

Third inning: Kiewels took the lead again when Ken Corby who had hit a double, was sent to third on Anderson's single, and then going across homeplate on a fielders choice.

Seventh inning: The K-men sent in Fred Taylor to throw at the Penman. The Giants tied the score again when Huppe, who had walked, was scored on a double by Condon.

Ninth inning: Slevin shot a tripl for the K-men and Fred Taylor singled to put the Beerman in front once more. The Giants came to bat in the bottom half of the inning trying to catch up. But they had only one hit and couldn't get up any more steam. The Beerman won the game three to two.

Umpires for the game were, Jack Chisholm, Jack Attfield and Don Moore.

PENAL ECHOETTES

D. Windsor

To All Exchange Editors: While writing your exchange comments, how often have you had the feeling that you had commented on a particular magazine recently? I've come across just such a situation. In our March issue I made brief comment about George Tolx of the MONTHLY RECORD, since then we've had a double issue but now, in June, I have to comment on the Monthly Record again.

MONTHLY RECORD: Wethersfield, Conn.; Fellas, I'm guilty of plagiarism! On myself that is. I've said "this" magazine or "that" magazine was the best I've seen on the penal circuit but your March issue was "it". From Newgate to Wethersfield to Endsville, my interest was held completely as I'm sure all your "outside" readers were. Very good! Sometimes we think we have it bad NOW but think of those guys in Newgate Copper Mine Prison. Like, those days were really gone. Beer or no beer. Congratulations and keep up the good work.

THE EVERGREEN NEWS: Washington; Thanks for putting us on your mailing list. I'm going to reserve comment until I see a few more issues but I will say that such things as pictures are clear and well balanced. Keep us on your list and good luck.

THE EAGLE: Alderson, W. Virginia; Another new one? To us'ns anyway! It took awhile to arrive but it did and thats what counts. The drawing? cartoon?, or what-have-you on page forty (Xmas issue) is something I've been looking for for over a year. And just that size. 'Wot?-Me Worry?' No, I knew someone would help me out sooner or later. Along the PP parade (no pun intended) it seems you girls have the monopoly on the good poetry. Don't forget us next issue and keep up the good work

THE MENARD TIME: Menard, Ill.; "The prison publication is a morale builder, a source of enlightenment, and a medium to educate the public - - on the fact that prisoners are people."

Warden Ross V Randolph
Illinois State Prison

Inside Chatter

bit o' sun—among other things... If you're wondering who the "ballet dancer" is who does the catchin' chores for the C-league MIS-FITS? Name's Brown! (But Really!) Looks as if Barker "barked" his way clean out of two leagues. Anyone need a bat-boy? Yeah!

Busted Straights & Flushes

beat the robber within a heartbeat of death, took him down the elevator to the ally and stuffed him in a large garbage can. It took three months for the former "heel man" to recover sufficiently enough for him to walk out and find a job. He refuses to attend or watch wrestling on his T.V. set. But you'll never convince him that the falls and holds of wrestlers are phony.

Boxing Banquet

In closing, it must be noted that Gerry Detonnancourt, along with being a very businesslike chap in the ring, is also very apt at handling a knife and fork at the dinner table. Looks to me like his greatest battle, on the next card, could be meeting the weight. Too much thanks and appreciation can not be given to Bill Lavery, Frank Lexier, Chick Watson and "Newfie" for the fine spread they put on for the boxers. "Newfie", by the way, is the chief dish-washer.



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